

ARSENAL CANNON

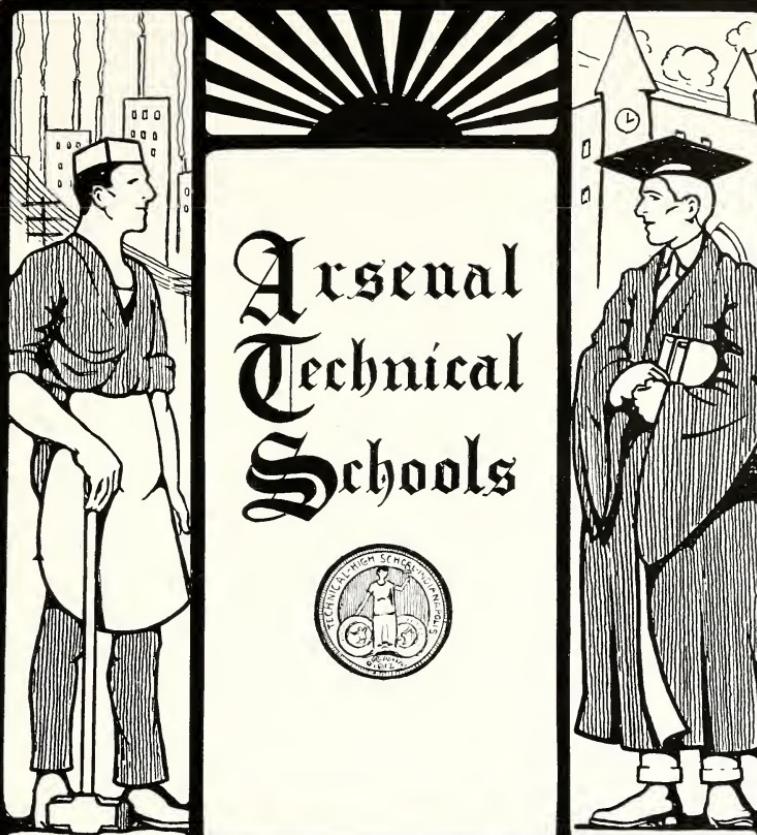


JUNE
1918

Joe White



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Arsenal Technical Schools



We wish to begin again
June 1918



EARL PERKINS
PRESIDENT



BESSIE HARTLEY
SECRETARY



EUGENE CLARK
PROPHET



ALBERT McILVAINE
TREASURER



HELEN NEWMAN
POET



WILLIAM ASH
LAWYER



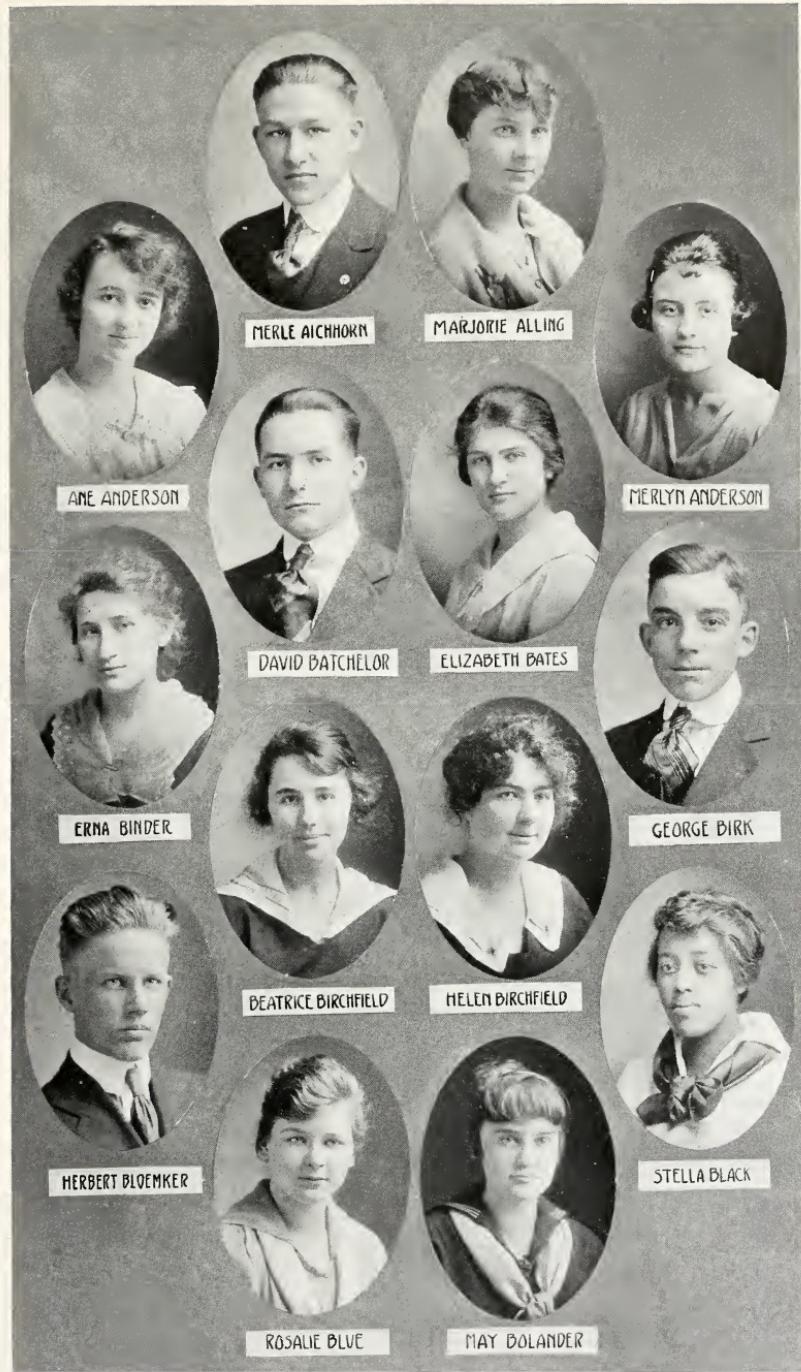
ELIZABETH DILL
VICE-PRESIDENT



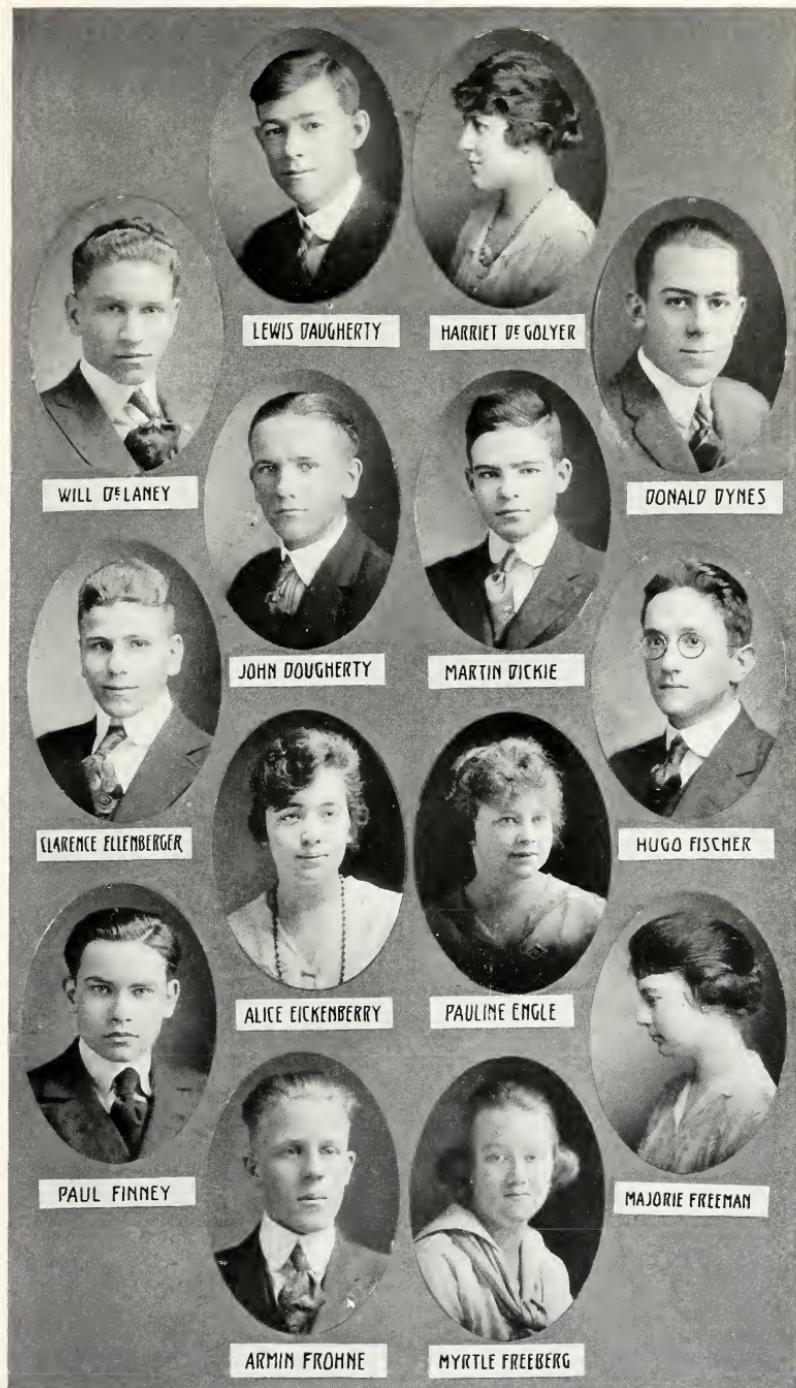
DOROTHEA COLE
PROPHET



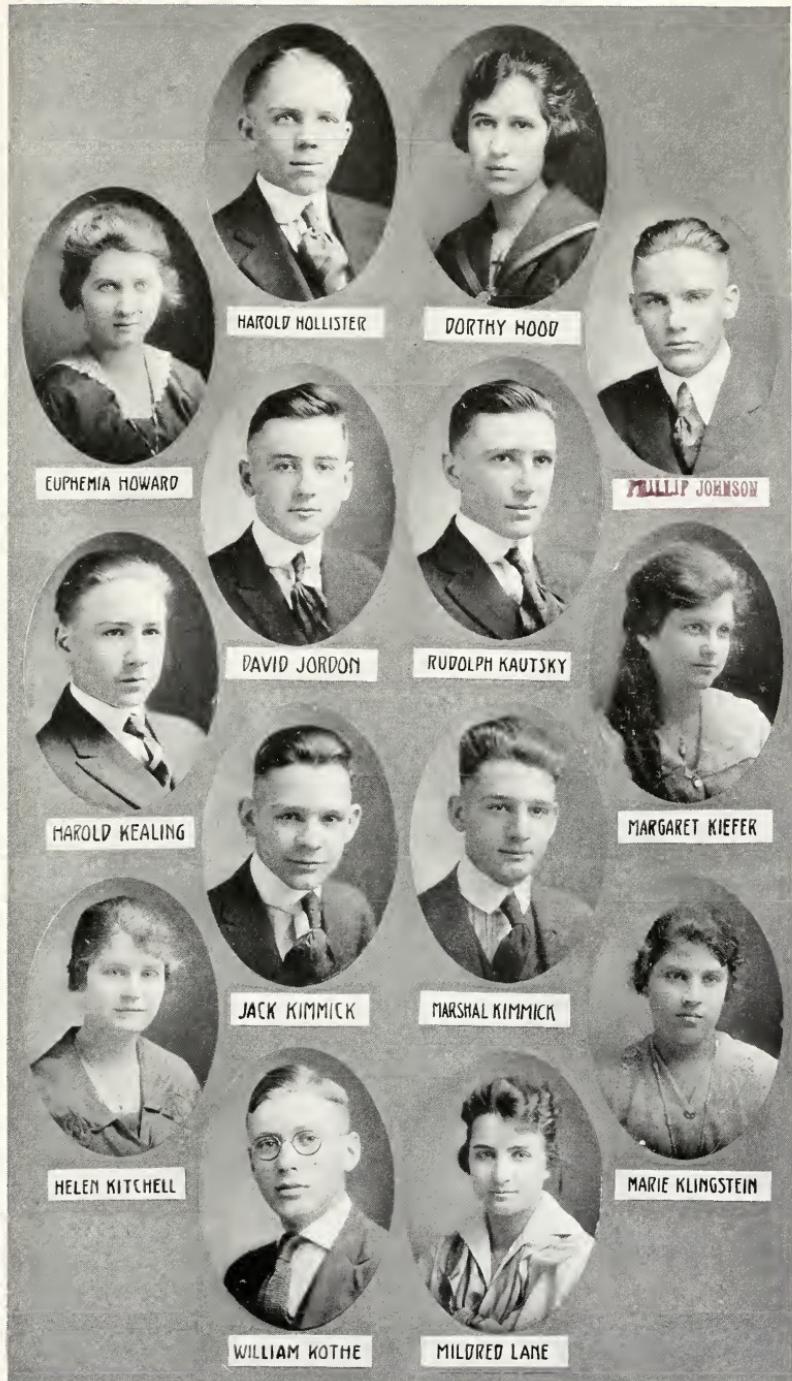
HARRIET SHERWOOD
SONG-WRITER





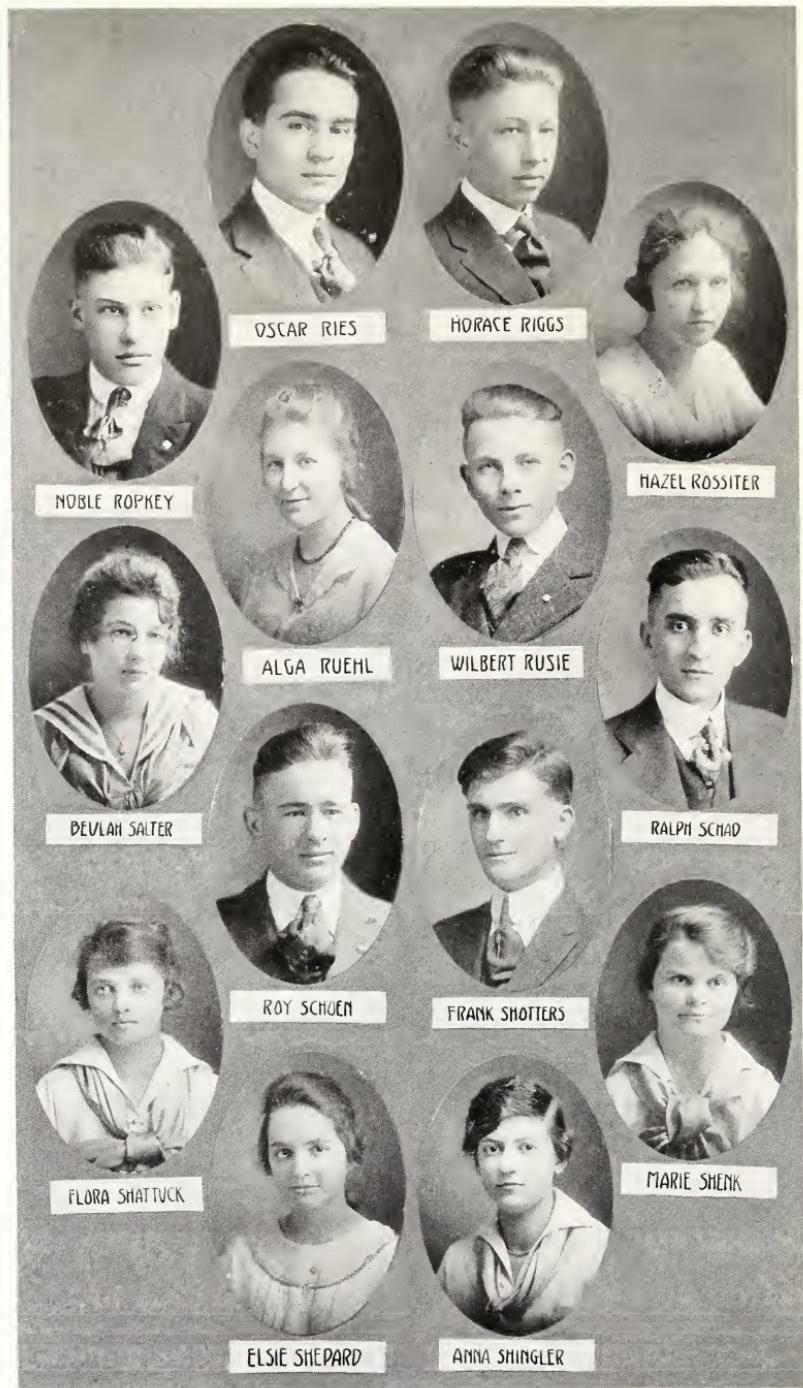
















Prophecy for June, 1918 Class

My spirit of wanderlust led me to far-away China where the oddity and quaintness of the people produced a strange fascination. Nothing could prevent my exploring one large temple, which had held me spellbound from the moment I had first seen it. Finally, with one diminutive guide, I started on my trip of exploration. Its oriental beauty filled me with delight, for I found each new treasure more marvelous than the last. In our roving we came to a closed door studded with beautiful gems, from which radiated a strange light. My guide appeared frightened and attempted to draw me away; but his efforts merely heightened my curiosity; so, brushing past him I flew to the door and turned the knob. Gradually I felt myself becoming unconscious and when I awoke I was lying on a divan powerless either to move or speak. This startled me and I began to weep. A tear dropped on one of the jewels inlaid in the floor. Immediately I was miraculously gifted with the wisdom of a seer. The image of my old classmates of June, 1918, and their activities appeared before me.

The first of that long row is Jack Kimmick who, true to former predictions, has become a famous historian. Indeed, he is engaged in trying to trace the almost extinct German race.

Next comes William Ash, that eminent lawyer who specializes in wills. It is he who made the wills for Paul Chevalier and his mechanician, Frank Schotters, before their departure for Europe. Paul and Frank are now making record aerial trips from France to America, and Frank is a great help in time of need. He is particularly valuable when the engine stops in mid-ocean. Now lawyers Ash and John Daugherty are trying to break up the crap-shooting element in Terre Haute, with Harold Hollister as their star witness.

The sound of music arrests my thought. Harriet Sherwood, of nineteen-eighteen fame is still singing the old class song accompanied by Eva Moldthan, the brilliant violinist. What more natural than that at this time a voice should be heard repeating snatches of poems, and I recognize Helen Newman's lyric "I've Finished to Begin Again."

My classmates begin to come rapidly. Oscar Ries, who showed such promise as an orator while still in school, appears in my vision making his speech on "The Chewing Gum Curse," which brought him world wide fame. Some of his success is attributed to Dorothy Watson who accompanies him as the pitiful example of the curse.

I see Harry Woodsmall who, after an extensive education of two weeks at Purdue University, has assumed control (by hook or crook) of a system of movie shows throughout the state. His most efficient manager is Donald Dynes. Some of the popular movie stars that they show are Alice Eickenberry and Ruth Phythian. Mary Haymaker soon developed talent as an actress and is known throughout the country as "Little Eva."

Who are those figures as weary and disconsolate going into that shop? Can they be the same people now coming out, so radiantly beautiful? Ah! the vision is clear; they have been transformed in the beauty parlor of Dorothy Hood and Thelma Browning which is situated in the heart of the thriving city of Broad Ripple. There is something familiar about the beautiful girl in the display window demonstrating the wonders of the Browning powder. Now I recognize her voice as that of Harriet De Golyer, their most successful demonstrator.

There is a similar transformation of the men going on directly across the street. They, too, are going in dejected and careworn. Now they return fresh and full of life and their eyes are clear. The splendid figure of the proprietor now standing in the door is David Batchelor, owner of the "Batchelor Barber Shop."

Now I see some of the studious members of my class, who have taken education as their life work. Bess Hartley an expression teacher, has found "The Road to Yesterday." Martin Dickie is professor of mathematics at Butler College.

Marjorie Freeman, of class-play fame, is a second Aunt Harriet; and Kathryn Martin's hair has turned quite gray over the great care of a large family.

What is that terrible, deafening noise? It is a jitney driven by Andrew Taylor, owner of an enterprising Ford agency in Muncie. Surrounded by large posters and pamphlets we see David Jordan now the advertising manager, still dressed in his faded officer's uniform.

Two very distinguished gentlemen appear before me now. One is "Long Bill" Jungclaus, who is designing a new monument commemorating the World War. The other is a very popular juvenile author—Blanton Coxen, whose most widely read book is "Fifteen Hundred Reasons for Tardy Slips—Guaranteed Never to Fail."

What is that great crowd before the stairway attempting to do? They seem to be trying to crowd into that dental parlor. It is the shop of Telsie Madden and Carter Helton, painless dentists, thriving on the trade brought in by their clever method of advertising—Telsie's horn.

Now in my mystic vision appear Elizabeth Dill and Euphemia Howard, who are making French hats for the exclusive Five Hundred in New York.

Will De Laney, still coaxing funds from the public, heads the popular members are Mildred Lane, with her talks on Horace Greeley as a farmer; and Louise Green, the wonderful toe-dancer just returned from Liverpool; Adelaide Gastineau who has just joined the troupe after her trip to Egypt where she visited the tomb of Pythagoras, of whom she was so fond in Geometry.

Rosalie Blue and Elizabeth Weber appear, surrounded by children. They are in Paris caring for a large number of little French orphans.

My vision seemed clouded and the images came slowly. Here is Charles Colgrove carrying a bundle of cartoons. He is the art editor of a large newspaper in the territory formerly known as Germany.

Earl Perkins, our president, is head of a large corporation which manufactures airplanes used to distribute mail.

Ane is still young. On one of her many rambles through Europe she accidentally discovered "The Fountain of Youth." Some of her retinue are Helen Belle McLean, Ralph Shugert, Mildred Keller, Frieda Nolting, Lucille Clemens and Elizabeth Spurgeon.

The familiar strains of the school song, very faintly at first grow louder and aroused me, to the realization that I had not yet finished my trip of exploration. In the far distance I see a light to my classmates, and will pursue the flickering signal.

DOROTHEA COLE.

EUGENE CLARK.

In Memoriam

BIRDIE BRANHAM

BERNICE WORTH

"We Finish to Begin Again"

Last Will and Testament

Let it be known that the members of the June 1918 Class of Technical High School have little, if anything to will to their fellow students, teachers, and janitors; and one falling heir to a half used theme tablet or even a broken lead pencil may consider himself lucky. When approached upon the subject, eleven tenths of the June Seniors exclaimed that they had been so busy contributing to the French Orphan fund, to the Red Cross, paying their class dues, buying Liberty Bonds, and War Saving Stamps, they hardly had enough money with which to buy food. One Senior—his name will be withheld but it might be said that he was captain of the Tech basketball team—played first base on the Tech baseball team, is left handed and dearly loves Latin(?)—went so far as to say that he hasn't eaten a thing for the last five weeks, except at meal times, during his vacant periods, and when not in school. It is a shame for children to have to fast like this and it behooves the under-classmen, teachers, and janitors to think lightly of the subject.

As it was next to impossible to inquire of each senior what he or she had to will, we thought it best to ask those we met first and in doing so collected the following wills: Erna Binder leaves her "overread" civics book to any one wishing to suffer the results of reading it. Likewise does Rosalie Blue leave her art of "eye winking" and good nature to Minnie Brown.

Hazel Potter, Lucille Reeves, and Telsie Madden have each willed a book to Helen Webster, the title of said book being "English As It Is Spoke".

Robert, "Wild Bobby", Brewington, leaves his imagination and whereabouts to Charles McIlvaine, for it is said that Charlie can ride around in an automobile without the least idea of where he is.

Gladys Shaneberger is lucky for she has fallen heir to two alarm clocks, willed to her by Clara Conner and Elizebeth Dill. Mary Hale and Bessie Hartley will part with their knack of "good-grade-getting", the lucky one being no other one than Jean McAlister.

Gladys Bruce wills her guardianship of Dwight Renfrew to Miss Hawkins with the hope that Dwight will not be as bashful as he has been heretofore.

Earl Perkins, alias "Red," leaves his "seben come Eleben" habit to Eddie McClure, as Eddie is new to the game. In the same tone does Harry Woodsmall will his warm seat in the office to the first student who thinks he can eat "across the way" without getting caught.

Andrew Taylor has announced that he will leave a quarter for a Thrift Stamp at the office on the eighth day of each week.

Merlyn Anderson along with Elizabeth Bates, Dorothy Watson, and Mary Haymaker will perform their patriotic duty by leaving their powder to be used as food for the fishes.

Dorothy Hood, Marie Klingstein, Harriet De Golyer, Merle Aichhorn, and one other senior girl leave their laughter and giggles to Lillian Lay.

Anna Shingler, the naughty little girl who eats her lunch in the Main Building and whispers in class, leaves her worn-out typewriter ribbon to Janice Jones. Mr. Lancaster has fallen heir to a punctured basket ball, a broken ink-well, and toy balloon left to him by Earl Wagner of "you know why" fame.

Jack Kimmick and Bob Walden will the round corner of Otte's grocery to Eber Grubb. Crawford Mott and Roland Duvall have each fallen heir to a one string violin, willed to them by William Junclaus.

Kenneth Bruner, known in Tech life as "Mellen's food baby", leaves his fundamentals of singing to the first junior that reaches the stage of insanity.

Ruth Phythian, Beatrice Manniford, Elizabeth Weber, and Mildred Hiatt have each willed a sack of sugar to the candy case in the Lunch Room with the understanding that it be used only when the Huns are defeated. This of course will be soon, as it is said that the Allies are only waiting for a few more students and faculty members of Tech who are on their way "Over There" to begin the BIG DRIVE FOR BERLIN.

William "Curley" Ash.



The Spirit of June, '18

(Class Song)

In loyalty and friendship true
Which years can ne'er dispel,
With hearts both sad and glad tonight
We meet to say "Farewell"
One purpose now demands our zeal
Our country's need is seen;
Dear Tech, we'll try to honor thee
In the Spirit of June '18.

Oh Technical, brave Technical,
Be this our fervent vow;
That round the earth 'tis "right makes might"

(Continued on Page 20)

“We Finish to Begin Again”

Within our tiny world of books,
 Of petty tasks and mighty aims,
 Of problems, tests and victories
 That wiser minds call children’s games,
 We live, and work, and dream perhaps—
 Of battles fought by older men.
 And when we’ve reached our childish goal,

“We finish, to begin again.”
 Until at last we leave our world.
 Its friendly gates swing outward wide
 Into a greater, busier place
 Where all but Dreams are swept aside,
 Where brave men toil and fight and die
 To give the cause their all—and then,
 To find new struggles to confront,
 And “finish, to begin again.”

So, on some last still battle field
 An awful hush will fall—and then
 Once more, our dreams and tasks complete,
 “We finish—to begin again.”

Helen Newman.



THE SPIRIT OF JUNE '18.

(Continue from Page 19)

And to this law we bow.
 Now as our class is “finishing
 But to begin again”
 We leave to you our legacy,
 The Spirit of June '18.

Oh glorious America,
 Our inspiration, thou!
 We hear the call to service bold
 Thy sons and daughters now.
 In glad response we offer all
 Our hands, our hearts and e’en
 Our lives, we bring to show the world
 The Spirit of June '18.

Harriet Sherwood.

Literary Aspirations

THE HOUSE ACROSS THE WAY.

By Harriette Callahan

At the end of an alley-like street in the outskirts of Paris stands a strange and forbidding house. Its grey walls are massive, pierced with only a few windows which heavy iron bars guard. The entrance is low and narrow, and the ponderous iron door reminds one of an old prison entrance. Visitors, however, are very rare. No light is ever seen within; the whole house resembles an immense tomb.

When I was a young doctor, I lived in the house opposite. I had plenty of leisure time, and in my idle hours I often wondered what mysterious secret was hidden in this gloomy old building. Neighbors told me it had been built by some foreign crank years before and that it concealed the real house, which stood some distance back in the garden. That was all. The stranger never went out, no tradesman was ever allowed to enter, and all provisions were passed through a special opening at the side of the door made for that purpose. Everybody in the neighborhood was curious to know more about the man, but nobody had been able to penetrate the veil of mystery which surrounded it.

One night, the deep sound of a bell awoke me from my sleep. I got up to see what it was. My door opened just enough to admit a person. A mysterious shadow slipped through and the door closed itself automatically.

I got up quickly, dressed, and hurried out, but some vague fear made me hesitate.

"Who is there?" I asked.

"It is about a patient," a voice replied. "You must come quickly. I suppose I am talking to Dr. Alvin Moquier?"

"Yes," I replied, still surprised at the unexpected call. "It is I." Then I opened the office door and let my visitor in.

He was a tall slender man—still young, though his hair was white. His face was ghastly pale, and his black eyes gleamed.

"Yes," he said, in a decidedly foreign accent, "It is a very extraordinary case. My wife has had a stroke and does not revive. She has often had similar attacks but they have never lasted as long as today, and now I have become afraid."

While I finished dressing he said: "It is not far—just across the street."

Then he was the man who lived in the house of mystery, evidently—and I was to learn its secret—I told him that I was surprised. "Quite natural," he replied.

"Nobody ever knows it. Since my wife was first taken ill it was necessary that I find an absolutely quiet place. I will tell you,—she is insane. She imagines she is dead. Perhaps a good many of us are dead and do not know it. I did not have the heart to send her to an asylum, so I built this house, where I have nursed her myself. I am with her as much as possible, but often she wants to be alone, so I have a flat in the city too. This time, however, I am afraid that she is really dead."

I listened to his explanation without a word. It was indeed a strange story my visitor was telling me. Several times I wondered if I were not dreaming. He drew me across the street and pulled the bell cord. There was a single stroke and the door opened itself.

"This is a little invention of mine," he said. "The door is connected with a mechanism which informs my wife that I am coming so that she does not have to get up."

"Very ingenious," I said, but I felt rather uneasy. We went through the hall, across the garden, entered another house behind, walked through a dimly lit corridor, and up a flight of stairs.

"I love my wife dearly," mused my patron, "and I did not want anybody to know that she was sick. But now I feel that the end has come and she is dead."

He stopped me in a large vestibule illuminated by many wax candles. A heavy odor of incense, wax, and dust filled the air.

I will go and find her now. Perhaps she has come back to consciousness. She is very sensitive, and the sight of a stranger might do her harm."

I waited a little and then he came back greatly disturbed.

"She is still unconscious or worse," he said. "Come in, please."

We passed through another corridor; then he threw aside a heavy curtain. A strange sight met my eyes. I looked into a chapel which had a domed ceiling tinted in dark blue, lustrous gold stars reflecting the rays of a hundred candles. At the back was a kind of a vault, in which was a coffin containing a motionless figure of a woman. I stood spell bound.

"That is she," he said. "For years she has insisted on sleeping in her coffin."

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A Bit of Clay

The first time I can remember of seeing the queer, pathetic little ‘anti-air,’ we cannot hope either to disable or bluff an enemy His clothes flapped in the gale like the torn sail on a wrecked ship’s mast, and with just that suggestion of desolation. He was as inanimate as a dead leaf blown toward me by a mischievous gust. Even his eyes wore the set, weary expression of an old, ill-treated work-horse, who plods on and on, stumbling a little, beaten perhaps, ever bearing a burden too heavy for him.

He always carried a great limp bag on his back. I had often wondered what was in it. I liked to fancy that little old man, whose shoulders must be so tired, and whose heart must be so weary of plodding, plodding, carried his sorrows in that bag. He spoke to no one. He seemed to see nothing. Lilacs bloomed; the little old man with the heavy bag could not see them. If he had whistled, or spoken, that wierd, unnatural air about him would have vanished—but he was always silent—always mute, always appealing, and always starting, as it seemed to me, on a unending journey, with his pack. I could fancy, too, that he knew there was no turning of his road, but was so helpless, so resigned to his tragedy that he never questioned.

One morning I turned the corner where I always met him, but no plodding figure slumped dejectedly past me. “Perhaps he has reached the end of his journey,” I told myself. And I felt a queer sort of loneliness creep over me, for the little figure had been the embodiment of my own sadden moods. But somehow, I could never think of him without his burden; I suppose now he is still plodding along to—somewhere; his eyes fixed on the ground, and his unwieldy bag across his curved shoulders—plodding, plodding—through eternity.



In Lilac Time

(With apologies to Alfred Noyes.)

Come out to Tech in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time,
Come out to Tech in lilac-time,
It isn’t far from heaven.
And there you’ll wander, books in hand,
With joy, in summer’s wonder-land.
Come out to Tech in lilac-time,
It isn’t far from heaven.

My Spooky Walk

By Margaret Robertson

Such a night I can never forget. The wind blew at a terrific gait, bending the branches of the trees almost to the ground, and sending things flying through the air. But a star shone in the sky; the moon had disappeared; the earth seemed to have been turned into a darkened land where witches and hosts of weird figures might dance in glee.

I stumbled along in the dark,—hardly daring to breathe. The howling wind made cold chills run up and down my spine. Would I never get home! Ten more blocks! At twelve o'clock on such a ghost-like night! I quickened my steps but my legs refused to keep it up. I soon was worn out and nearly dragged along in the dark, with the constant expectation of seeing some superhuman figure swoop down from a tree to carry me off into the land of spooks.

My heart thumped harder and harder as I neared the Arsenal Grounds. At that time I received a rap on the head and quaking with fear I looked up, expecting to see a ghost or some other uncanny creature; but it was only a bough bending low. The fence loomed up like a row of giants; I could picture myself being rashly torn to pieces by some demon of the lower world, or being lifted up in a whirl wind, as a gust of wind swept up behind me and nearly carried me off my feet, and left me in such a frightened state that I felt my heart thumping like sixty.

Nine more squares! Oh! would I never get home? What was that noise? Someone coming behind me? Shaking with fear I turned around only to find that it was a branch swaying in the wind. Nearer and nearer I came to the Arsenal Gate. My knees shook so, that I could hardly walk; then I tried to think of all the brave men fighting in France, and it seemed to strengthen me a little. Thump! Ouch! I suddenly found myself in a forlorn heap on the brick walk. Who tripped me? I looked around; did I see someone peeking at me from behind that tree? Yes! it was,—well, whatever it was, I scrambled to my feet and started to run. I hardly dared to look behind me, but finally I gathered enough courage to turn around; nothing was coming except a furious gust of wind. Oh! Horrors! There went my hat sailing through the air! And I was at the Arsenal Gate. Should I go in there after my hat? Yes, it was the only one I had and pay-day a week off! Creak! Creak! My whole body shook as I noiselessly went in search of my hat. Behind the clump of bushes seemed to come the wavering sound of

a voice; I covered up my ears. Where was my hat? Nearer the haunted house I went! There was my hat laying near the rock by the house. Almost happily I stooped to pick it up, just as the wind swept it out of my reach and,—oh! it went on the porch of that haunted house! My heart seemed to stop as I neared that house. The window panes rattled! Creak! Creak! as the door swayed back and forth on its hinges! What! A ghost! Yes! it was coming toward me! I turned to run! But my hat! I couldn't go without it! I stepped on the porch. What a scrunching noise! And that ghost peering out the window at me! I seized my hat and with a cry I leaped off the porch, a ghost following at a swift gait! I ran and ran,—not stopping for an instant,—not daring to look behind me. Two more squares yet to go! Breathlessly I rushed on! Swifter came the ghost! Faster came the wind! Now only one square to go! I couldn't stop! The ghost! Now the sight of home! Joy forever! I slackened my pace! Now I was really on the porch! I pushed open the door, hastily locked it! And—all was well.

MARGARET ROBERTSON.



His “Tholdier Thuit”

Harriette Callahan

How often do small children hold the wheel of Destiny in their hands! And how often do they turn it for the best! Major Leslie Barthal, commander of a huge training camp in Suffolk, England seated at his desk one day, working, felt an impatient tugging at his elbow. Looking up, he saw his four-year-old son Jimmie standing there. “Daddy, Lithen! Couldn’t you get me a little tholdier thuit? Ist like yourth, only littler?”

Major Barthal’s eyes twinkled, but he answered gravely, “Jimmie, only men who do things to benefit their country are permitted to wear a uniform. If you do something big, to help your country, I’ll make you an officer, prompt.”

Jimmie was disappointed, but he saluted his superior, and scampered off.

Suffolk Training Camp was the center of supplies for the English Army in Britain. Both the commissary and the munitions were located in great warehouses, near the centre of the camp. These were guarded closely, though air raids had not yet become alarmingly frequent.

Early in May, General Alex Johnson, on a furlough from “over there”, came to Suffolk on an inspection tour.

"Major Barthal," he said, "do you realize what an immense duty is yours? Do you know that if these supplies should be destroyed, we Britains would be on our knees?"

"I believe I realize, sir. I have a special detachment of trained men, and the stores are guarded, day and night."

"Have you any protection against air raids?"

"General, I have petitioned, pleaded, and demanded patrol planes from the government. Their only reply is that they are doing their best."

"Suppose you telegraph them, now. State that the need is imperative."

Major Barthal turned to the orderly. "Send Hertwig in here. He is one of my guards, General. One of the finest men that ever wore a uniform. I would trust him anywhere." The Major scratched a few lines on a telegraph blank, placed it in an envelope and seal it. The man Hertwig soon strode in, Jimmie Barthal on his shoulder. He set the lad down and stood at attention. He was tall, with a heavy pinkish face, light hair, and furtive blue eyes. On first glance he did not inspire confidence. The Major handed him the message. "Take it over to the office immediately, sir—Jimmie, have you been down to the soldier's quarters again?"

Jimmie saluted. "Yeth, thir, Major Pop, I've been playing in Billth tent. An' I'm goin back, now, thir."

The Major laughed. "All right, run along. Some lad, eh General?"

That night at dinner Jimmie said, "Major Pop, what did you tell Bill to do 'ith your letter?"

"Take it to the man that does the telegraphing, son."

"He didn't do it. He took it to hith quarterth, and opened the envelop with thomething out of a bottle. He copied the insideth, too, only it didn't look the thame."

"Hmm." He sent for Hertwig. When the man came, he said. "did you deliver my message immediately, Hertwig?"

"Sir? I—oh, yes, Major."

"That is all,—the boy was mistaken," he mused, and dropped the matter, tho it troubled him vaguely.

On the third of June, the Major received a message from the government, stating that the patrol planes would arrive on the afternoon of the fifth. Hertwig was standing nearby, and the Major flashed one of his rare smiles at him.

We get our long-sought patrols day after to-morrow! Hertwig!"

The man's eyelids narrowed, but he merely inclined his head respectfully.

There was a celebration in the quarters that night, for the arrival of the patrols removed a great deal of responsibility. Jimmie, the only child there, was petted royally. One of his favorites, a young lieutenant, said to him, "Jimmie, where are you all the time? You never come around and see me anymore."

"I play over to Billth."

"Who is "Bill?"

"He means Hertwig's. What do you do over there, Jimmie?"

"Play with paperth, with lineth on 'em, like those in your dethk."

The officers exchanged glances.

"What's the kid talking about, Major?"

"I don't know. What kind of papers do you mean, son?"

"Wait a minute, Major Pop. I'll thhow you." He trotted out, and came back, with a piece of bluish paper. This was a map of the camp, the explanations printed on the margin,—in German. On the back was, "Patrols arrive fifth. Execute plans before dawn of same. Strike surely. W. H." It was plainly a carbon copy.

They stared blankly at one another. The Major said slowly, "Men the original of this has been sent to the enemy."

Jimmie was plied with numerous questions, which bewildered him, but it was plain to be seen that Hertwig did not know his map had been disturbed.

For the remainder of the night, and the next day, the camp whirled with activity. Hertwig was detained out of sight and hearing of the preparations. Among his possessions were several maps from which it was clear that the camp would be struck from the air. "We are powerless," the Major said, "for with our three little "anti-air," we cannot hope to either disable or bluff an enemy machine. Unless the government heeds my message, the only thing for us to do is to wait."

Out of the blackness of the night came the whirr of a motor. The Major, in his unlighted office, expelled a short, sharp sigh. "Here they are," he said grimly. They sat in tense silence, waiting the report of the first missile. Instead, the motor passed over them, continuing northward.

"Getting his bearing," snapped the lieutenant. The sound was soon heard again from the east, then from the west. The plane was circling the camp.

(Continued on Page 54)

His Bit

(By Anna Geran.)

"Got permission to go home on a furlough next week, Joe," said Earl Dickson, my tentmate as we were leaving the mess hall.

"Good!" I agreed. "Ten days and then 'back to the grind', as our old German professor would say. By the way, that match in archery is to come off this afternoon; so hurry, because I wouldn't miss it for a little bit, I can tell you."

He started off and I followed, smiling, for Earl's skill as an archer, and his propensity to win every match he entered was a standing joke. "Nesbitt looks rather 'down at the mouth' eh?" indicating a first lieutenant who was standing by the target, watching the arrows as they dodged the mark.

"Yes," I assented, "watching that target as if he had a grudge against it. Something rare for him, too."

It was Earl's turn at the bow and our attention was diverted from Nesbitt. Earl aimed carefully and pulled the string, slowly and steadily. At the same moment, Nesbitt reached across the target, to take and examine an arrow that had been shot a moment before.

"Look out!" we shouted. I grasped Earl's arm, but both warnings came too late! The arrow, already loosed from the bow grazed Nesbitt's arm. He turned angrily.

"Here, you!" he shouted to Earl, "you owe me an apology."

"O, that's all right, Lieut," said Earl somewhat annoyed, "only you know it was absolutely unintentional, and a pure accident."

"It was nothing of the sort," roared Nesbitt. "Do you think I'll allow an attempt on my life pass?"

We stared aghast. At any other time Nesbitt would have laughed it off, but today he "had a grouch on." Earl's astonishment was slowly turning to anger. Striding up to Nesbitt he said tensely, "It is you who owes me an apology."

The Lieut. laughed scornfully. The laugh seemed to goad Earl to madness. He deliberately threw his quiver of arrows full in the Lieutenant's face, and with a jeering laugh he turned on his heel. Nesbitt stared a moment and then with a muttered oath he turned and walked in the opposite direction.

Next day Earl was put in the guard house until the case could be looked into. He was furious, threatening to "break loose" and swore to avenge himself on Nesbitt "when his time was up." It was useless to reason with him. He was all the more angry because the plan for his furlough had been frustrated. Nesbitt went around with a new and unapproachable dignity.

A week passed. No news was heard from Earl's case and it ceased to be the talk of the hour. Then one day the dull monotony of our camp life was broken. Excitement swelled to its highest pitch when the report went its rounds that two privates had been placed under custody for attempting to poison the mess. I hunted out Nesbitt and asked him how they had been detected.

"Ask your friend Earl", he said laughing shortly, then turned away. I grew hot, for I felt that he was going too far in jesting about Earl; but I held myself in check.

What, then, was my consternation, when that evening I saw Nesbitt and Earl, walking along, in close consultation—the best of friends! and both had vowed eternal vengeance and hatred! They were nearing my direction and as Nesbitt with a low "it was great", turned away, Earl came towards me, grinning cheerfully at my surprise.

"Wha-a-Why-I thought—" I stammered.

He sighted in relief as he sat down lazily and said, "Well I guest I might as well begin at the beginning and go to the end and then stop." With a few preliminaries he told me the story. "About a month ago, Nesbitt came upon Weltz and Trudor, the spies you know, and they were talking in German. From something he heard them say he received the impression that their sympathy was with Germany. Think of it! Here we've had a couple of hun spies in our midst for—Heaven only knows how long—and didn't even know it! Well, he tried to catch them at it again but didn't succeed. For some minor offense he put them in the guard house. He tried evesdropping but it wouldn't work. He was ready to give up when I came upon him one day and he confided his suspicions to me. Then it was that I had my master inspiration; Nesbitt and I had it all fixed up. Some way he and I were to have a fight. I was to get put in the guard house, overhear their plotting, or, if possible, win their confidence and offer to help them.

"Of course we hadn't definitely decided on the little episode of the arrow, but the chance came and Nesbitt, unwilling to pass it by took it up, and I followed suit. When I arrived at the Guard House, however, it was not so easily done as said. Weltz and Trudor like the typical Teutons they are, stolidly refused not only to confide in me, but also, to have anything whatever to do with me. It was all in vain that I swore, and vowed to avenge myself on Nesbitt. As a last resort, I snored; it worked; I heard Weltz say that 'ground glass was as good as anything and easier to get by with.' This I told Nesbitt an as, in the mean time he had looked up something

(Continued on Page 54)



FIRE ALARM!



POPULAR PERSONALITIES

Popular Folks Page

WHO'S WHO-AND WHY

Melvin Spry	Most peculiar
Eber Grubb	Most accomplished
Dorothy Wilhelm	Most charming
Carl Hopfmeister	Most talkative
Lucille Riley	Most giggly
Earl Perkins	Most popular
Charles Colgrove	Most artistic
Janice Jones	Most delicate
Lillian Lay	Most affected
Kathryn Armburst	Most gentle
Al McIlvaine	Most athletic
Howard Bates	Best speech-maker
Dave Batchelor	Rummest
Lawrence Gibson	Handsomest
Elizabeth Dill	Neatest
Anne Young	Sweetest
Clarence Dryer	Largest
Maude Duncan	Flirtiest
Harriette Kahler	Jolliest
H. O. Trayler	Chief girl Fusser
Any of 'em	His chief victim
Mr. Lancaster	Biggest booster



Pathways

A hundred crooked pathways
 All curve and twist and turn,
 And this one leads to green woods,
 And that to lessons stern;
 And here's an arch of wet leaves,
 And here's a lilac spray—
 And farther on's a bluebird
 Who sings his soul away.
 A hundred crooked pathways
 All curve and twist and bend,
 And this one leads to heart-ache,
 And that one has no end.
 But—here's a spray of lilac
 To charm the barren way,
 And farther on there's Something
 To sing the Hurt away.



U	Ralph Wilson	48	Mabel Clifton
V	Horace Wood	50	Elston Sidenstick
10	Woody Miller	51	Velma Van Arsdel
20	Francis Elmenldorf	54	Howard Deming
	Ruth Burt	55	Scott Ham
	Dorothy Jenney	56	Minna Margaret Lauter
21	Norman Thayer	57	Hughes Updegraff
22	Elizabeth Carlisle	58	Eural Byfield
30	Norman Ruske	59	Clarence Drayer
31	Dorothy Daily	61	Ross Bennett
34	Delmore Nuckles	62	Duane Hawkins
40	Robert Berlin	5	Everett Bryant
41	Otis Egleman	71	Miriam Munger
42	David Olive	72	Frazier Potts
43	Shirley Turner	73	Harriet DeGolyer
44	Howard Fieber	74	Lawrence Gibson
45	Everett McCain	75	Dorthy Steeg
46	Margaret Abrams	76	Alice Eikenberry
47	Raymond Ridge	83	Earl Stuckey



The staff wishes to express its appreciation of the zealous efforts of the roll room agents to make this semester a successful one for the CANNON.

Staff work isn't as easy as it may seem. There are so many trying little things to cope with, so many adversities to overcome to make a really successful number. It makes us more willing to work, more anxious to give our best however if we feel that the school is reading and enjoying what we give them. A large subscription list is in itself an inspiration. The agents have certainly endeavored to "do their bit" toward producing a really worth while paper and we fully appreciate their efforts. Some roll rooms went "over the top" in subscribing their entire enrollment. Room 76 holds highest honors.

Editorial

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Athletic	ROLAND DUVALL
Exchange	BLANCHE PETERS
Business	HARMON SNOKE
News	MINNIE K. BROWN

Charles Bridges, Annette Hinnenkamp, Bert Longerich, John Sterling, Harriette Callahan, Marie George.

OUR CHALLENGE

There is a storm at sea. And while we have been standing on the shore, men have fared the rough waters, every muscle taut, every nerve strained, every mind with one aim—to conquer. At times we have longed to be in the fight, to feel the awful power of the storm; and yet, we have feared it all—the greatness of it, the danger, the never-ending task of piloting the little skiff through one brawl, only to plunge it into another.

Now we can no longer stand on the shore. We are men. But can we launch our frail little boat and guide it through? As we watch the fierce rush of the waves against the shore and look down into the inky depths of this Thing, so fascinating and so fearful, there comes the realization that to know life, to love it we, too, must fight the storm. So fearfully, we set out; and in those first few moments we pray to return to the shore. Then the storm screams around us, the sea boils, and we—we must think of nothing but the fight. Our nerves are keyed up to it. Panting, conquering, plunging on, we forget fear, forget the sleepy shore, forget all but the exhilaration of that struggle. It becomes a part of our being—and we love it.

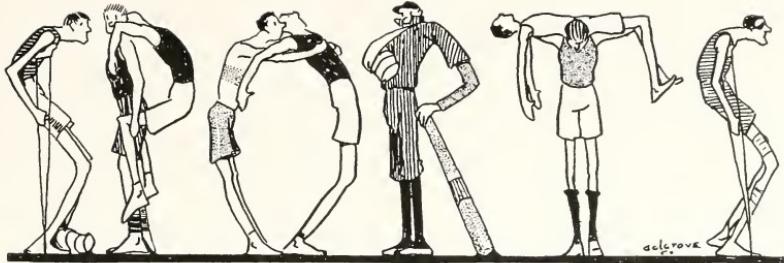
You Seniors, who are standing by, dreading the first plunge into a world's fight—take your skiff out into the deep waters; let the salt spray cut your face. Fight to live—and live to fight. And

then, when you can plow on, laughing, working, when you can find a hymn of victory in the shriek of the north wind, when you enjoy the eternal battle, you have found true happiness. Never again will you be willing to wait on the shore while others put out to sea. For you have felt the massiveness of it—and you yourself are a part of the struggle.



Why They Come to School

Dorothy Steeg-----	To talk of the night before
Lulu Harbison-----	To keep the Injuns away from Miss Hagley
Russel Deer-----	To talk
Blanche Peters-----	To hear the news
Dorothy Wilhelm-----	To attract attention
Nellie Fessler-----	To eat baked beans
James Maxwell-----	To translate Latin
Wilhelmina Maas-----	To wear a new hat each day
Miss McLaughlin-----	To make CANNON material
Mrs. Harrison-----	To show us what court-martial is
The Watchman-----	To remind us of our childish fear of policemen
Lillian Lay-----	To display the latest military styles
Donald McCullough-----	To get his name in the CANNON
Bill Zaiser-----	To attend the parties
Laurence Lang-----	To look educated
Marjorie Freeman-----	To be serious
Raymond Rawitch-----	We havn't found out yet
Carl Mardt-----	To graduate
Roland Duvall-----	To be near Rector's
Agnes Williams-----	To get tardy-slips
Mabel Houston-----	To promote lung development
Charles Riddle-----	To appear important
Josephine Gill-----	To wear white shoes
May Shimer-----	To see George Meyers
George Meyers -----	To see May Shimer



TRACK CANDIDATES.

Captain McIlvaine, Earl Wagner and Perkins, have been breaking into the sport columns of the city papers as well as the CANNON'S secluded page of sports, but a few less dazzling, though equally important stars have received practically no publicity for their efforts to boost Tech's sports.

Day, Liebtag and McClure have shown up exceedingly well in the dash events between outside schools this season. Day and McClure proved their worth in the district meet. Liebtag is a new member of this year's track squad and gives promise of developing into a valuable dash man.

Mott, who has been the principal in the mile run, has given outside candidates for first place in this event a hard fight for the honor and in several meets of the year Mott has come out victorious. Clarence Drayer, was certainly blessed, as his long legs have been a great aid to him in the high jump events. Hugo Fisher, Thos. Flynn and Harold Scheithe have also contributed to Technical's track team and have gained no lesser honors than the rest.

J. R. D.



FRESHMAN TRACK MEET.

Roll Room 43 won the Freshman track meet with 175 points to their credit. Van Buran and Swanson were the big point getters of the meet.

Van Buran took first place in the 100 and the 50-yard dash, the high jump and broad jump. He also won third place in the shot-put and captured the fourth in the pole vault, thus winning honors in all the events of the meet. His side runner, Swanson, also a member of Roll Room 43, won second place in the 100 and 50-yard dashes.

Sawyer, a member of room 50, won second place respectively in the 100 and 50-yard events. Sawyer has $42\frac{1}{2}$ points to his credit, placing his room second in the contest. The pole vault was one of the most interesting events of the meet. Lutz and Waddy seemed almost matched in skill, Lutz winning first at 7 feet 1 inch, with



STATE TRACK TEAM



MAC



MARTINSVILLE HO!



DRAYER



CAPTAIN MAC



"PERKY"



"DAVY"



SOPHMORE TRACK FINALS

Waddy a close second. Shaff and Van Buren won third and fourth places respectively.

In the shot Quilhurst took first, putting the eight pound shot at the 36-7½ mark.

100-yard dash—Van Buren, first; Swanson second, Sawyer, third; Bates, fourth. Time: 113:5.

50-yard dash—Van Buren, first, Swanson, second; Mabee, third; Sawyer, a member of room 50, won second place repectivly in Broad Jump—Van Buren, first; Sawyer, second; Waddy, third; Dickerson, fourth. Distance: 16 feet, 8 inches.

High Jump—Van Buren, first; Sawyer, second; Dickerson, third; Litz, fourth. Height: 4 feet, 8½ inches.

Shot put—Quilhurst, first; Wright, second; Van Buren, third; Litz, fourth. Distance: 36 feet, 7½ inches.



BASKETBALL SUMMARY

The showing made by Technical's basketball squad this year was rather disappointing, but we all believe that the team tried exceedingly hard and coach Lancaster put his best into the work. Green and White sport followers had big hopes of Tech winning a place in the final tournament; and again bad luck seemed to follow the team, and even Indianapolis for that matter. It will be remembered that when the team's outlook was the darkest and a string of defeats seemed to follow the squad that the tide suddenly turned and eight victories including Columbus, Kokomo, Tipton were added to the string. List of victories and scores:

- Jan. 26—Tech 32; Columbus 11.
- Feb. 2—Tech 26; Tipton 17.
- Feb. 9—Tech 32; Kokomo 20.
- Feb. 12—Tech 28; Rushville 7.
- Feb. 15—Tech 20; Shelbyville 10.
- Feb. 19—Tech 26; Zionsville 6.
- Feb. 21—Tech 33; Broad Ripple 13.
- Feb. 23—Tech 19; Logansport 15.
- Jan. 26—Tech, 32; Columbus, 11.
- Feb. 2—Tech, 26; Tipton, 17.
- Feb. 9—Tech, 32; Kokomo, 20.
- Feb. 12—Tech, 28; Rushville, 7.
- Feb. 15—Tech, 20; Shelbyville, 10.
- Feb. 19—Tech, 26; Zionsville, 6.



Monogram Girls



Baseball Girls

RESUME OF GIRLS' SPORTS.

In girls' athletics the past year basketball, baseball, and tennis played important parts.

The fall term call for basketball candidates brought out many promising players. The minor league was organized for the purpose of teaching the game and was composed almost entirely of freshmen.

The major league was made up of girls who knew the game. There were two teams of which Loraine Mueller and Gladys Bruce were captains. The contests between these two teams were fast and exciting. The accurate basket-shooting of Nellie Donovan, forward, was the feature of the games. Her speed and eye for distance has mad her the bst forward of the season's work. In the Monogram game the work of Josephine Schmidt, forward, deserves mention. Marie came on Capt. Mueller's team from the minor league and assisted Nellie Donovan in the Monogram Series and also in the Butler game. Another feature of the basketball season was the guarding of Gladys Bruce and Annette Hinnenkamp. Although Miss Bruce has won a monogram every year she finds her equal in Miss Hinninkamp. The speed and alacrity of the latter enabled her to cover space rapidly making it difficult for the forward to get away with the ball. The stick-to-her method of guarding used by Capt. Mueller was note-worthy in the Monogram game. The centers and side-centers played well in the final showing, Mary Elizabeth Hollister (center) in particular. Those winning monograms were Loraine Mueller, Marie George, Nellie Donovan, Gladys Bruce, Mary Elizabeth Hollister and Annette Hinnenkamp.

The Butler game was the test of executive ability and physical endurance of the players composing the girls' "State Team." The

line-up against Butler was as follows: Nellie Donovan, Marie George, forwards; Dorothy Hardesty, center; Loraine Mueller, side-centers; Gladys Bruce and Annette Hinnenkamp guards. The game on the home court was a 4 to 4 tie even after ten minutes extra play. In the return game at Butler, the 2 to 1 score shows the closeness of the contest. The absence of out-of-bounds territory made the game a strenuous one for Tech girls. The feature of the afternoon's play was Annette Hinnenkamp's guarding. The advantage over her teammates lay in her ability to place the ball accurately in the hands of a corresponding player before the opposing forward cornered her at the wall.



The basketball girls and a few others turned out for basketball. The captains elected were Nellie Donovan and Alice Hewitt. In the games played the batters were unable to knock Pitcher Donovan's well-placed balls. No exhibition game was staged in the sport because commencement took many of the best players.



Miss Potter's call for tennis tournament material was answered by about one hundred and fifty enthusiasts. The tourney to determine the feminine tennis champion was held on Thursday May 16. The Gus Habich company offered a splendid racket as the first prize and the G. H. Westing company donated a similar one as second prize. The winners of both singles and doubles received thrift stamps as the gift of the Tennis Club.

C. A. H.



"Well, George?"

"Didn't Abraham Lincoln say it?"

"No, no, sit down." George did, sadly disappointed. "Better try before failing," thought Clara Myers as her hand went up, though less positively than George's.

"Clara, what do you think?" asked Mrs. Ellis.

"Why I thought it was in the Bible."

IN THE TOWN OF YAWN.

My friend have you heard of the town of Yawn,
 On the banks of the river Slow,
Where blooms the Waitawhile flower fair,
 Where the Sometimeorother scents the air
 And the soft Goeasys grow?
It lies in the valley of Whatstheuse,
 In the province of Fatherslide;
That tired feeling is native there—
 It's the home of the listless Idon'tcare,
 Where the Putitoffs abide.
The Putitoffs never make up their minds,
 Intending to do it to-morrow;
And so they delay from day to day,
 'Till business dwindleth and profits decay,
 And the days are full of sorrow.



Boothblack: "Shine, sir? Shine your shoes so's you can see yer face in 'em."

George Meunch: "No, thanks."

Boothblack: "Coward."

Freshie's mother: "What new lesson did you learn at school today, son?"

Young America: "I found a new way of getting out of school an hour by snuffin' red ink up my nose."

Miss Goddard: "George, do you know 'How Doth the Little Busy Bee?'"

George Myers: "No, I only know he doth it."

Harmon Snone: Before joining the Union, Rhode Island was very preservative, (conservative).

To Clarence Gale: To double your money—fold the bill carefully and put it in your pocket.

Taylor: You are sweet enough to eat.
—?: I do eat. Where shall we go?

Lucille Riley: What fellow doesn't care whom he winks at.
Five seconds later: Heavens, he winked at me.

By Paths of the Campus

WHEN THE TIME WAS NOT

It was during Senior play practice. Bob Walden and Cathryn Martin were vainly endeavoring to master their love scene without laughing in the middle of it. Bob was supposed to hold Cathryn in his arms, all the while gazing into her eyes, until her brother entered. Time and time again they tried and finally after innumerable attempts, they were able to carry out their love-making without even a smile. During the first successful love scene the inevitable happened. As they stood gazing into each other's eyes, and with Cathryn clasped closely in Bob's arms, time was not—for them. The brother entered, made his announcement and received no response. He made his little speech again. Still the lovers were unheeding. Then growing desperate, he yelled, "Hey, come on up for air!"



WHERE?

Thema Browning met a handsome young soldier the other day. Her sister obligingly gave a dance in his honor. The day before, Thelma decided that the heels of her dancing pumps needed attention, accordingly, she wrapped them up, and brought them to shool, intending to leave them at some shoe shop on her way home.

Now, Thelma carries a very freshman-like load of books. Some way or other, the pumps were lost, and the bookstore yielded no information on the subject. Therefore she bought some new ones.

In the course of the evening, while they were dancing Thelma's soldier asked "if he might call, as he had something of hers, which he would like to return." Thelma said "yes" very prettily.

He called. Thelma's face grew very red and she was exceedingly mystified when she discovered what he had that belonged to her.

We wonder where in the world he found those shoes.



EXTRA! EXTRA!

History Teacher Turns Fight Promoter.

Miss Stoy of History fame has turned fight promoter, at least it sounds that way. Some time ago she was assigning history reports by the carload, as usual. "Walter," she said, "you take the next topic in Fite's."

Walter Boercherding: "Where shall I find"—?

Miss Stoy: "The Fite will be on my desk in the morning."

QUITE STRANGE.

Fate, ever kind, (or at least nearly always) obligingly placed a small, smooth, round pebble in the center of Mary's path. Mary's heels were French, Mary's ankles infirm. On and on came "Sweet Emmilina." Mary's heel found the pebble, Mary's ankle doubled under and to the strain of "Come to arms," dignified Mary sank at the feet of the handsome young man.

Of course he picked her up; anyone would do that, but there is another sequel. It is this: Mary is no longer a total man-hater. She thinks some are quite nice, and especially post-grads.

Strange, isn't it?



A COINCIDENCE.

When Miss Potter sent out a call for girls who wished to play tennis, She didn't know that this bit of news would be ever remembered by non-concerned Techonian; though he had all the reason in the world to remember it. Mr. Krickinberger read from the bulletin, "All girls interested in tennis should report to Miss Potter in room 20." There was a sudden shuffling of feet in the back of the room. Several turned around, giggled, then looked at Mr. Krickinberger.

"What's the matter back there?" asked the disturbed pedagogue. At this, those to whom the announcement had not conveyed such distinctly humorous sensation as to have caused them to look around before, now faced about. The chief attraction proved to be a flushing, twisting and altogether uncomfortable specimen of humanity. The color in the face of the suffering boy deepened. No sound was to be heard except an undercurrent of audible titters. The moment was long, trying and full of suffering for the boy on whom every eye centered. Mr. Krickinberger sensed the situation and bit his lip to break an inevitable smile.

"Everyone face the front, please." The suffering was over. The victim's name was—Tennis Lee.



A NEW TECH CLUB

The latest in Tech clubs is the "Dandelion Club." Harold Hollister, Ashur Url Perkins, Referee Seidensticker, Eddie McClure and several other famous Techonians are members of the club. Miss Harter is sponsor. The purpose of the club is the extinction of the wild flower pest who persists in picking Tech flowers. Members of the club are required to wear a dandelion while on duty. This as a distinguishing mark.

FRANCE MEETS TECH.

Angeline Bates, it is said, attended a military dance lately, where she, through accident or design, captured a part of the French army stationed in the U.S.

Our hero boasted profusely of his lovely land of sunshine and wine, and Angeline returned his sally with a little lecture on our own land of moonshine and men. After expounding for some time on the beauties of Pogue's Ocean and other historic haunts, she said, "But you know I'm Irish."

This announcement was received with an, "Ah-h"—

"Yes," she went on, "Mother came over from Ireland ten years ago."

"Ah-h, zen you were bor-rn on zat be-eautiful isle," he gushed.

He was rewarded by a serious, questioning stare and, "Oh no, I was born in America."

Monsieur raised his left eyebrow and gazed at "Mees Bates" inquiringly.

"Your mother—she come over ten years ago and you were born in America?"

"Why, yes, certainly."

Monsieur brightened after a moment's puzzled thought, then "came up smiling," and said, "Well, Mees Bates, either you joke me or you hold your age well."

Angeline almost lost her balance.

◆◆◆
HIS DAY

Bill Z staggered into his first hour class on May 13 ten minutes tardy, a frightened look on his pale face. He confronted his teacher, tardy slip in hand, and she asked him what was the matter. This usually was mere form (Bill was a chronic tardy case), but today the teacher wished to find the cause of the aforesaid apparent terror.

"Are you sick?" she asked sternly.

"No."

"But there must be some reason for your unusual appearance."

"Well, I do feel kind of funny. You see I went to the lunch room and told them that the car was late and they gave me a tardy slip without even putting me through the 'third degree'."

"Is that unusual?"

"Unusual? Well, you just ask of my fellow sufferers. I always thought the thirteenth unlucky, but today *Miss Leonard wasn't there.*"

◆◆◆
A BIT CLUMSY

Jessie: "How does George make love?"

Mamie: "Well, I should define it as unskilled labor."



ELLEN H. RICHARDS CLUB



FRENCH CIRCLE



BIRD CLUB



TENNIS ASSOCIATION OFFICES



SHORTHAND CLUB



KNITTERS



CABINET



ARSENAL RESERVES



Organizations

ARSENAL RESERVES

Enrollment: One hundred and fifty and all enthusiastic, officered by Capt. Steegemeier, Lieut. Rice Barrett Newell, Bates and several non-coms. Their advisers are Lieut. Barrett and Mr. Morgan.

What they wanted to do: They wanted to acquire a military atmosphere. Not to be soldiers but to be prepared. To get the disciplinary training and the physical benefits that this work affords.

What they did: They have mastered some of the squad movements and learned to respect their officers. These officers have made many good suggestions, among them that we show more respect to Mr. Stuart. They suggest that the Reserves salute him. The boys have found a hero in the person of Lieut. Barrett. They have acquired wooden guns, turned out by our shops, and plans are under way for uniforms. Despite all their military training they insist on calling Corporal Elmdorf, "fat".



LE CERCLE FRANCAIS OR THE FRENCH CLUB

Enrollment: About thirty with William Coons as president, Edith Jackson as vice president, George Badger as secretary and Mrs. Weaver as sponsor. They say that the lack of a treasurer is caused by lack of funds (Logical conclusion, N'est ce pas?).

What they wanted to do: They want to adopt the French language as a medium of conversation. They want to promote the great preparedness program, i. e.: to know the language of one of our great allies. They think that knowing a language is useless unless one can use it in conversation. Hence the club and its weekly practice in the art of talking in French.

What they did: As a starter, they have learned to recite the "Marsellaise" in French.



THE GOIF CLUB

Enrollment: Doubtful, Mr. Lagemann, Sponsor.

What they wanted to do: They wished to organize the golf enthusiasts of Tech, both of the faculty and the student body. The members are all more or less proficient in the game and wished to represent Tech in the tournament at which both the other schools had entries.

What they did: They obtained Mr. Stuart's recognition of their organization and met twice. They failed to stir up much enthusiasm among those eligible to membership and on the most part lost their own.

THE BIRD CLUB

Enrollment: Fifty, all ardent bird chasers. Their guides are Miss Johnson and Mr. Cox.

What they wanted to do: They desired to study nature, especially that pertaining to bird life. They also wished to know more about the life in Tech's forest.

What they did: Made several trips of exploration and got a list of the different birds on Tech's campus. There was keen competition as to who would find the greatest number of different species. They had some picnics for which the girls furnished the "eats." Then, nearly every member was present, though when they were summoned together to have their pictures taken only seven appeared. A group as timid as the feathered citizens of the forest! There was nothing served at this last meeting. It has been hinted that Burt Longuick carries the salt for the entire club.



LATIN CLUB

Enrollment: This organization has thirty-five Latin stars(?) as members with Miss Stone as adviser. The officers are: president, Marjorie Rinker; vice-president, Edna Hadfield; secretary, Blanche Peters; treasurer, Robert Peters.

What they aimed to do: The club was organized with the purpose of furnishing a good time to the Latin department and for becoming better acquainted with the lives and customs of old Roman people.

What they have done: They have had the good time, full strength, and along with it have learned everything worth knowing about the people in the time of the too-well-known Caeser.



ELLEN H. RICHARDS CLUB

Enrollment: About thirty girls of the home economics department. Miss Murray is the advisor.

What they aimed to do: The club intended to study topics of interest to girls in cooking and sewing classes and to bring the girls of the classes together for a social time.

What they have done: They have followed their purpose to discuss topics of household science. At each meeting the members have talked about inventions and discoveries in the realm of the home. Then, for the promised social times. These have not been forgotten at any meeting. The final efforts toward this end were finished for this term by a picnic in the woods.

THE KNITTING CLUB

Enrollment: No definite enrollment of the girls in the knitting club is kept, but any girl who turns in Red Cross work through the school is considered a member. Miss Harter is the adviser.

What they aimed to do: The purpose of the club is to put Tech on the map in Red Cross work.

What they did: This group of girls has made thirteen sweaters, seventy-eight pairs of wristlets, twelve pairs of wristlets, twelve pairs of kneelets, seventeen pairs of socks, one trench cap, twenty-four scarfs, two helmets, and several garments for the Red Cross and seventy-seven squares for afghans, sixteen wash cloths, scrap-books and dolls for the French Relief. They are now working on afghans for convalescent soldiers.



CABINET

Enrollment: This club is composed of thirty-one upper-classmen, with the following officers: president, Raymond Holtman; vice-president, Edith Jackson; secretary, Annette Hinnenkamp; treasurer, Robert Becherer. Mr. Richardson sponsors the Cabinet.

What they aimed to do: To turn out thirty-one public speakers versed in the laws of parliamentary procedure and debating.

What they did do: Made thirty-one boys and girls know how to converse on and enjoy topics of the day.



WE ARE SEVEN

“How many clubs at Tech?” I asked.

“Oh, master, we were seven—
Just five of us that lived, as yet,
And two of us in Heaven.”

“There were Bird, E. R. and Knitting clubs,
And Cabinet and Glee.
First Spanish died for want of love,
Then Latin ceased to be.”

“But Ceasar groaned within his grave
(All reverence to his name),
And gave our darling back—and,
Now she strives for fame.”

THE HOUSE ACROSS THE WAY

(Continue from Page 22)

I went close. The body was cold and rigid. Her long fair hair fell across her bosom, but her left breast was bare. Her one hand touched the floor. Her eye lids were closed, but the lovely flush of her cheek bore no resemblance to a death-color.

"She is alive," I said. "A very rare case of lethargy."

I bent over to listen to her heart, and jumped back in terror!

"What does this mystification mean?" I asked. "This is no woman, but a wax doll."

The man did not seem to have heard my words, but burst out sobbing and cried.

"She is dead, doctor! Isn't she? Really dead! I knew this moment would come. Your science can do nothing for her. But I have prolonged her life for years. Wax, you say? She looks as if she were made of wax, but that is an illusion, an invention of mine to cure her and preserve her—."

A strange gleam came into the eyes of the insane man, and he began to howl like a wild beast in distress. He threw himself down at the side of the coffin and as the first rays of the summer dawn made the flames of the candles look pale, he implored the rays of the sun not to desecrate the tomb he had made for his love.

I ran away like a coward in search of assistance.

Later on I heard the whole story. The unhappy man's wife had died without his knowledge on their wedding night. He awoke clasping a dead body in his arms. The shock made him insane, though to all appearances in his daily life he was rational. He transformed his house into a tomb where he carried on long conversations with his wife, whose form and features had been reproduced in wax.

Gradually the true state of affairs was revealed to his mind, and in a semi-lucid interval he asked for my assistance.

Now as he sits in the institution to which in his madness he dreaded to send his wife, he mutters, "I am only a wax figure; my soul is somewhere else."



Miss Harter: We keep Henry Clay and Daniel Webster in the library. Some library we have!

Louise Shallenberger (in cooking): Oh, I got hurt on the corner.

Druggist: Do you want this soap scented?

Kid: Naw, I'll take it wit' me.

Mr. Tish: I've raked enough dirt out of these old halls to have a hundred and sixty acre farm by now, if I'd saved it all.

Miss Farman was leading the class in vocal exercises. "Now say 'Oh' as if you saw a real cute child come into the room." Just then Howard Bates came into the room and was greeted by a chorus. The effect was perfect.

Helen Belle likes Bob Fitzgerald's machine all but the space between the two front seats.

The CANNON wishes to acknowledge the following contribution from Leroy Brown:

Miss Goddard (writing a sentence on the board): The man and boy went fishing in the field and forest.



THRIFT

A Scotch household can safely be taken as an example of the ultimate in thrift. The father, starting off on a two-weeks' business trip, said in the hall, "Goodby all, and, Kathleen, dinna forget to make leetle Donald take his glasses aff when he's no looking at naething."



Miss Stoy: Harold, what is paganism?

Harold (after deep study): Oh, that is when a man has more than one wife.

SONGS AS SUNG BY SOME OF OUR STUDENTS.

Everybody Loves Me but the Girl I Love—Blant Coxen.

All that I Ask Is Love—Thelma Browning.

Just One Girl—Carter Helton.

They Always Pick On Me—Louis Lay.

The Dear Little Ghost of Your Smile—Paul Chevalier.

Smile and Show Your Dimple—Bess Hartley.



INKLINGS AND THINKLINGS

Boy-ed is the masculine form of Co-ed.

A magnet is one form of a vacuum cleaner.

Georgia was founded by people who had been executed.

An abstract noun is something you can't see when you are looking at it.

The equator is a menagerie lion running around the earth.

Small-pox may be prevented by fascination.

Parallel lines are the same distance all the way and do not meet unless you bend them.



ETCHINGS

Be calm and serene—you will never lose your head—Elizabeth Dill.

Mother's little angel pet (?)—Lewis Fendler.

She is but a child—Agnes Williams.

Why don't I stop growing—Kathryn Martin.

She acts so sweetly—Helen Free.

She did her best, poor child—Lucy Ford.

The secret of being lovely is being unselfish—Miss Shover.

Tut, tut, speak not so much—Howard Bates.

Her joyous prattle made glad a lonesome place —Dot Wilhelm.

He's wonderful—Jack Kimmick.



Miss Hudson (to a Cooking II) : Now girls, we will freeze three days and then we will serve a lunch with frozen dessert.

Alice Hewitt (when the sun came out just after a rain) : Oh look, the walks are drying up!

(Is that a new war process, Alice?)

Duncan Ackley has proved that certain characteristics are contagious. We all know that Mr. Ackley is noted for propounding.

questions so we weren't surprised when the five year old son asked, "Daddy, what do dogs eat on meatless days?"

Miss Taylor (to pupil who had forgotten to turn in her loss card) : How long were you lost?

Irene Rhinehart: Six days, but the police didn't have to come after me.

Herb Lamb: Say George, I heard you were out last night.

George Arnold: Only a half-dollar.

Lady (to ticket agent) : Give me a ticket please.

Agent: Where to?

Lady: That's my business.

Miss Wilson: What does "on the eve of mutiny" mean?

Clydie Nowlan: About ready to die.

Anne Young evidently doesn't care for men. She says she doesn't see how any of them could commit suicide by blowing their brains out.



MORE WAYS THAN ONE

Dick: I like your father. I think a great deal of him.

Laura: Well, I was under the impression that you liked some one around here, but I didn't think it was he."

Dick: Yes, it is he. And I like him so well that I'm going to ask him to be my father-in-law the next time I see him. (More ways than one.)

The members of Trix Bates' Spanish class are very anxious that some one take up a collection and buy her a first grade Spanish pronouncing book.

(Editor's Note: If you have the book and would like to donate it, it would do more good for Trix than in a soldier's book fund.)

Harold Hollister is giving free lessons in wrestling and promises quick results. For recommendations see his sister.

Harold Hollister is becoming very studious. He spends every second and eighth period in the library. We don't know whether he is studying a book report or the assistant librarian.

Richard S: "I haven't slept for days."

Fred Braden: "Smarter, sick?"

Richard: "Naw, I sleep nights."

FAVORITE EXPRESSIONS.

Esta bastante—Mr. Lageman.

Review to-day's lesson—Miss Welch.

I want it quiet—Mr. Mills.

Babies' Tricks—Miss Hawkins.

Auf Paszen—Miss Bachman.

Go to the office and wait till I come—Mr. Morgan.

Please, lad—Miss Shover.

You must admit—Miss Stoy.

Dick McMurray (in History Class): They slayed each other.



WOULD YOU BE SURPRISED

If Janice Jones appeared in tennis shoes?

If Ted Flynn should become industrious?

If three consecutive people passed the Guard House (when a staff member is at the typewriter) without peering through the windows?

If Dorothea Cole was silent for five whole minutes?

If you ever saw Miss Glockner without her glasses on?

If Miss Leonard ran out of tardy slips?



OF COURSE

Marjorie Alling entered a fur store and the polite salesman came forward:

"I wish to get a muff," she said.

"Yes'm," said the salesman, "what fur?"

The young lady looked surprised.

"Why," she said, "to keep my hands warm, of course."



WHAT THE CITY BREEDS

Mistress: Have you given the goldfish any fresh water today, Mary?

Mary: No, mum. They ain't drank all the water I gave them the other day yet, mum.

PAP SCOTT'S DAY DREAMS.

Pap Scott he cut ten cord o' wood
From rise to set o' sun;
He cut it, an' he piled it, too,
Yes, sir, that's w'at he done.
To cut ten cord of wood, I vow,
Is one tremenjus chore—
Pap Scott cut his behind the stove
In Frank Blank's Grocery Store.

Pap Scott he cut eight loads o' hay,
I swan, an' raked it, too,
An' in twelve hours by the clock
He was entirely through.
He could I guess, before he slept
Cut jes' as many more—
He cut it where he did the wood,
In Frank Blank's Grocery Store.

Pap Scott he plowed four acres onct,
He plowed it good and neat;
An' 'fore the sun had near gone down
The job was all complete.
The hosses never turned a hair,
Wan't tired, ner leas' bit sore.
He plowed it all in one short day—
In Frank Blank's Grocery Store.

Pap Scott he made five dollars onc't,
By simply pickin' hops;
He done it all in jes a day
With time for several stops.
He could as well a-kept it up
A dozen days or more.
Where was it done? The same ol' place—
In Frank Blank's Grocery Store.

Jean Hoffman.

HIS "THOLDIER THUIT."

(Continued from Page 27)

"We have God to thank for the blackness of this night," someone said. The plane sounded directly overhead, when suddenly the engine was eased. From the southward, the whirr of a second motor was distinguishable. Closer, closer it drew, and then a report. Another followed, yet another. To the waiting men below, it was evident that the one was giving sharp battle to the other.

When dawn broke, the next morning, in a north field lay a disabled German battleplane. Beside it was its captor, an uninjured British patrol.

This was the fifth of June. On the sixth a lieutenant made a trip to town for the Major, for on the seventh Jimmie Barthal would be five years old. Early on that day, Hertwig the spy was dealt with as he deserved, and later, in the presence of the whole camp, Jimmie was presented with a large box. When he saw what it contained, he let out one long howl of delight, for inside was a "tholdier thuit ist like the Major's only littler."

"Major Pop," he said bravely, "maybe I oughtn't wear it. I have done nothing for my country. Maybe you'd better take it back."

"My son, you only helped capture a spy, disable an enemy plane and save Suffolk Training Camp from destruction, but I believe you may wear the uniform," which Jimmie did not understand in the least, but he was happy for his divinity had said he might have his tholdier thuit.



HIS BIT.

(Continued from Page 29)

of their past life and lineage, my report was the one thing he needed to prove that Weltz and Trudor were heart and soul with Germany. How did I pull off my little detective stunt?" he ended with a dramatic flourish.

"And you—you and Nesbitt were friends all along—a sham-fight and no one knew it?"

"No one but Nesbitt and I."

"Well I never! Why! it will be the talk of the place for weeks to come."

"Well, he yawned wearily," I won't be here to listen. Good night old man. I'm leaving on the early train tomorrow for that furlough, so I won't see you again for two weeks—and when I come back you'll address me as Lieutenant Dickson."

WHAT! YOU
HERE AGAIN?

YE EDITOR'S FURLough
BEAT MARY'S LAMB HOLLOW
WHEREVER SHE FLED TO
THE BLAMED THING
WOULD FOLLOW



I ANNOUNCE
ETC - ETC -

IN THE PLAY OSCAR RIES
B'LIEVES IN RE-
INCARNATION
HE MUST BE WALT WHITMAN
IN THIS GENERATION



HERE IS "DOC" PERKINS
WHO USES NO KNIFE
BUT HE HELPED
ATHLETICS
TO PROLONG HIS
LIFE



AND HERE IS ANN YOUNG
WHO WAS QUITE
PUGILISTIC
BUT NOW SHE HAS'
CHANGED
AND IS QUITE
"PACIFISTIC"



I STRIVE FOR THE
UTMOST SIMPLICITY



THIS ARTISTIC DAMSEL
IS MARY HAYMAKER
THERES NO DOUBT SUCCESS
WILL IN TIME OVERTAKE ER



A TWELVE OCLOCK FELLER
IS PAUL CHEVELIER
HE B'LONGS TO THAT FAST
PAIR-O-DICE CLUB I FEAR

COLEROVE

MY GOODBY POEM

I've tried it early, I've tried it late,
 To write some jokes the staff would take,
 But June, Techonians, came at last
 And all my sleepless nights are past.



BLANK VERSE "TO HIM"

Not
 Long ago
 A pupil named
 Oscar Ries was reciting
 In expression the poem called
 "Gunga Din", by the English poet, Kipling.
 While reciting Oscar makes many gestures.
 Just as he came to
 "I'll meet you there"
 He thoughtlessly pointed
 His finger
 Down.

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HIS POLICY

Always laugh at teacher's jokes
 No matter how bad they be,
 Not because they're funny jokes,
 But because it's policy.



May 28, 1918.

MR. OSCAR REIS:

Even if one has a "funny bone," it is hard for them to fill a school paper every two-weeks, with jokes.

I think that it would be easy for the busy senior, if the members of the student body would offer some contribution to the "CANNON".

I have heard a few jokes which might help you. You are welcome to them.

Hot Air From the Radiator

Bob Mannfeld (to Gladys Shaneberger): Oh, Gladys!
I know something about you that takes the cake!

Gladys: W-w-why, what?

Bob: Your mouth.

Dave Batchelor: Why is Irene Rotroff like the German army?

Perk: I give up.

Dave: Because she uses too much powder.

Maude D.: Say, what is local color, anyway?

Liz Wheat: Green and white, of course.

Janice: Hasn't Eber Grubb a deep base voice?

Sencored: Yes, he has such large feet for sounding boards.

June Larrison: I do admire tall men.

Jack Jones: I'm a six-footer, myself.

June: I said tall men.

Dot Robertson: Al, how do you like my new dress?

Al Mc: It reminds me of the Circle theater on Friday night.

Dot: Why?

Al: Standing room only.

Florence Olive: Don't you love Grand Opera?

Marie Thomas: Yes, but the records always squeak so.

Charles McIlvaine: What shall I get my girl for her birthday?

Helpful Friend: Get her a book.

Chas: No, she's got a book.

Somebody wanted to know if it was a coincidence when Miss Taylor (now Mrs. Anderson) went to the piano and found these two pieces side by side: "I'm To Be Married To-day" and "I Want Sympathy."

Bob Mannfeld says that when he slips in and the clocks cuckoo the hour of two in the morning he just cuckoos about seven or eight more times. Get the idea?

Exams may come and exams may — but we stay on forever.

The Radiator Gang.



MASTER PRINTER



THE HEART OF TECH.



MASTER ARTIST



MESS HALL



CANNON PRODUCERS



CARPENTERS



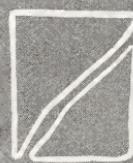
FOLDING CANNONS



TECH'S DUNGEON KEEP



ROOM 20 IN ACTION



STUDYING



RADIO GANG



PLAY CAST



- Thurs., Feb. 14—Back to school—Study Slips for Valentines.
- Fri., Feb. 15—480 new recruits in Camp Tech.
- Mon., Feb. 18—Wilma Grieshaber does a “back to nature” act in a six-foot snow drift.
- Tues., Feb. 19—Basketball in Tech Gym. Tech vs. Broad Ripple.
Too bad.
- Wed., Feb. 20—Isador Harris wonders how the lunch room could serve hash the first day of school when there hadn’t been any left-overs for six weeks. (Cold storage, Izzie.)
- Thurs., Feb. 21—Tech vs. Zionsville at Y. M. C. A. Some game!
A. T. S. 26; Zionsville 6.
- Fri., Feb. 22—Harmon Snone gets his correspondence mixed in history, and consequently his teacher receives a touching ode to a certain angelic, golden-haired damsels called “Jo.”
- Mon., Feb. 25—Snow falling! Announcement in Roll Call to “keep off the grass”—Courage! Spring is coming.
- Tues., Feb. 26—Miss Farman gives John Daugherty a few pointers on public speaking: “Talk loud, be in earnest, open your mouth and throw yourself into it.”
- Wed., Feb. 27—Going to Martinsville? Mad rush for tickets.
- Thurs., Feb. 28—Yell practice in 20. Passengers on East Michigan street cars cast anxious and inquiring glances toward the Arsenal Building.
- Fri., March 1—T. H. S. rooters raise “Y” roof in game of Tech vs. Tipton—but—“twas all in vain.”
- Mon., Mar. 4—According to “Hebe” McLean’s Expression notebook, “the diaphragm is shaped like an inverted soup-bone.”
- Tues., Mar. 5—“January” Cannons arrive after an almost fatal delay.
- Wed., Mar. 6—Jan. ’19 Seniors get together.
- Thurs., Mar. 7—Yell practice once more. Will DeLaney gets a little excited.
- Fri., Mar. 8—“Are we down-hearted?” NO!

Sat., Mar. 9—Homeward bound. Chaperons dozing. Lights out. We lose to Mooresville. Thelma Browning is chief mourner.

Mon., Mar. 11—Blue Monday! How many D's didn't you get?

Tues., Mar. 12—June Seniors organize. "Perky" takes the gavel and 160 otherwise likable people become insufferably important over night.

Wed., Mar. 13—Nothing of any importace at school today—Oscar Ries was absent.

Thurs., Mar. 14—Continued from yesterday—Oscar still absent.

Fri., Mar. 15—Corn-bread and Conservation Posters for lunch.

Mon., Mar. 18—Mr. Mills asks, "What became of Keat's sister?" and Angeline Bates answers sweetly, and intelligently, "Oh! she died."

Tues., Mar. 19—The Bird Club sets its alarm clock for 3:00 A. M. and takes an early morning stroll about the campus.



Wed., Mar. 20—Marjorie Freeman executes an Irish jig with ukelele accomplishments on the Arsenal steps. Wagner and Perkins have box seats.

Thurs., Mar. 21—Bess Hartley encounters the unrelenting hand of the law, and is "canned" for one day.

Fri., Mar. 22—All traffic in Room 20 is compelled to detour because Harry Woodsmall goes to sleep with his feet in the aisle.

Mon., Mar. 25—Indigo Day!

Tues., Mar. 26—Some enthusiasm about to-morrow's game with Fortville.

Wed., Mar. 27—More signs of Spring: a call for boy's baseball and first simptoms of spring fever.

Thurs., Mar. 28—Fewer Tech boasters because our roll teachers greet us with an announcement of yesterday's basketball score, sh—sh! Fortville 64—Tech 16.

Fri., Mar. 29—The war becomes a stern reality to us—two of our faculty are arrested as spies.

Mon., Apr. 1—Some precocious freshman tries to pin an April Fool sign on Mr. Flick's back. (Quick Curtain, no bouquets.)

Tues., Apr. 2—Knitting Club holds its first meeting, giving the girls a chance to display their patriotism and their new knitting bags.

Wed., Apr. 3—Wuxtry!!—Jack Kimmick didn't have his history and didn't have an excellent reason.

Thurs., Apr. 4—Clean Up Day—forty-five memorable minutes of snakes, hysterics and hard labor (?).

Fri., Apr. 15—Faculty party. Mr. Mills throws pedagogical dignity to the winds and dons a dunce-cap, a clown suit, a coat of Indian war paint and a human smile.

Sat., Apr. 6—Liberty Loan Parade. Our slogan—Thrift Earnings Crush Huns. Roland Duvall stands for two and one-half hours to see someone in the Tech float pass.

Mon., Apr. 8—"I didn't have time to study, honest, Miss Stoy."

Tues., Apr. 9—Bess Hartley has one more scalp in her belt. Who is he—or rather, who *was* he?

Wed., Apr. 10—Paul Moffett has joined the ranks of the pedagogues. What's next?



Thurs., Apr. 11—Track boys begin dieting. Eddie McClure makes an easy get-away with a bowl of forbidden soup—almost, but is collared by Miss Hadley.

Fri., Apr. 12—Almighty Seniors begin to have their pictures taken. After taking Alice Eickenberry's picture, Mr. Nicholson posts a notice that the camera will be out of service for three days.

Mon., Apr. 15—Mr. Day's departure is a reality—and the campus is dead without our god of sunshine.

Tues., Apr. 16—Arsenal Reserves organize. Lieutenant Barrett takes command and even the girls show a lively interest in the drill.

Wed., Apr. 17—"Oh Biss Ledard, I cat recite today 'cause I've got such a cold id by dose!" Some take gripe, some acquire gripe, others feel its chills thrust upon them.



Thurs., Apr. 18—Ane Young displays pugilistic tendencies to the discomfort of Ruth Phythian.

Fri., Apr. 19—Track meet—Tech vs. Anderson. Why, of course we won! (Editor's note. The victory mentioned occurs—April 26.) Since a storm prevented the meet today.)

Mon., Apr. 22—Four-minute speakers chosen to talk Friday on "Why I Should Continue My Education."

Tues., Apr. 23—We chew our pencils and wait for an Idea.

Wed., Apr. 24—Still chewing!

Thurs., Apr. 25—Some four-minute speakers are getting cold feet.



Fri., Apr. 26—Senior-Freshman Tree-Day program. Jack Kimmick is assigned two diminutive freshmen, and longs for a book on "Care and Feeding of Infants."

Mon., Apr. 29—Senior Play rehearsal. Press Comment: "The scenes are powerful and the action all that could be desired."

Tues., Apr. 30—Joseph Meunier almost convinces Miss Shover that it is waistefull and unpatriotic to discard chewing gum which has only three day's active service.

Wed., May 1—Track Meet—Tech, Brazil and Lizton. We told you so! Tech 40; Lizton 33; Brazil 26.

Thurs., May 2—After Miss Farman has explained to Ralph Shugert how to "look stupid" in the play he remarks admiringly, "Gee, I wish I could look as stupid as you do!"

Fri., May 3—Red letter day—Oscar forgets to make a speech in Roll Call.

Sat., May 4—A faculty wedding. Lieutenant Anderson and Miss Taylor are married.

Mon., May 6—Ted Campbell snores in study hall.

Tues., May 7—Only five more weeks.

Wed., May 8—Carter Helton walks from the Annex to the gate all by himself.

Thurs., May 9—Rumors of 600 more volunteers next September.

Fri., May 10—The "Home-Guard" on duty on the Arsenal steps every afternoon between 2:15 and 3:30.

Mon., May 13—Helen Belle patrols the campus in a gypsy costume with a real dagger and a tambourine.

Tues., May 15—Anna Shingler makes seventeen necessary and purely business trips to the Rental Library.

Thurs., May 16—As usual, nothing unusual happened.

Fri., May 17—Dreams of vacation.

Mon., May 20—Miss Atwood is in the act of swallowing a 22 caliber caramel, when Otto Monninger, a junior, asks her how to spell apprehensive.

Tues., May 21—The Arsenal Reserves looks more like real soldiers now.

Wed., May 22—Senior Play tickets on sale and going fast. Carter tries to buy 1½ tickets. There's a (little) Reason.

Thurs., May 23—Mr. Stoneburner has reformed and religiously avoids Rector's Drug Store.

Fri., May 24—Supreme Day, High Celebration—dances, pageant, and drills. The Cannon "goes off".

Mon., May 27—Annette Hinnenkamp says she wants to live only to see the advent of universal woman's suffrage and girl's track teams.

Mon., May 28—Harriet Sherwood is seen on the campus without her patent grim.

Wed., May 29—Why is Blant Coxen parting his hair in the middle?

Thurs., May 30—Kenneth Bruner is wondering how the school will worry along without him next year.

Fri., May 31—Only two more weeks.

Mon., June 3—Senior's Class Day.



Tues., June 4—"The Road to Yesterday." Roland Duvall weeps real tears when "Aunt Harriet" beats Bess.

Wed., June 5—Tests and Torment begin.

Thurs., June 6—Suspense.

Fri., June 7—More suspense.

Mon., June 10—Erna Binder writes a pathetic little ditty entitled "Ode to the Last Tardy Slip".

Tues., June 11—Seniors say Goodby.

Wed., June 12—"Gonna work on a farm? So'm I!"

Thurs., June 13—Commencement.

Fri., June 14—Honorable discharge, and a three months furlough.

